

from its value. He has worked at a deeper level than Quiller-Couch ever found necessary and he pursues a course parallel to that of Doctor Tillyard but with deeper ramifications.

Poetic experience and poetic language are more clearly defined. 'Poetic language is itself an incarnation not a transcription of thought'—a profound and valuable statement that merits long consideration. Poetic experience means 'a seizing on truth beyond the writer's personal thinking through submission to the object'. This is more than the simple distinction between subject and object. It raises the whole question of the relation and fusion of subject and object and the result of that fusion so that 'the depths of personality blossom impersonally'. There lies the secret of Prospero's renunciation—losing one's life to save it—and this theme deserves to be developed. Perhaps not only the work of Proust, as M. Maritain has said, but Shakespearean criticism 'needs the inner light of a St Augustine' to be written as it should. Without such inner light we find Shakespeare's nationalism raised to the same level as his more universal doctrines.

GERARD MEATH, O.P.

THERE SHALL BE NO VICTORY. By Axel Heyst. (Gollancz; 16s.)

Two books by Mr Axel Heyst were published in London in 1940 and 1941, and gave rise to some controversy. This new volume with its sub-title, 'Diary of a European', consists mainly of extracts from a diary kept between 1939 and 1944, supplemented by observations and meditations on war, and further remarks written at the time of Germany's collapse. The long lapse of time between this and the earlier publications is due, says the author, to the reluctance of British publishers to issue 'what might be harmful to the cause of Allied unity'. 'Such a book had, in fact, precious little chance of being published in war-time Britain.' The author frankly confesses that the MS was promptly returned as 'untimely', 'unduly pessimistic', or 'too gloomy'. The official propaganda of the Western Powers led to a sense of frustration and embitterment among writers, who had to wait for a more favourable time.

The arrangement of the book is very confusing. It is divided into ten chapters covering the years 1939 to 1945, according to subject. The diary is split up under those headings, and so loses its continuity, while the additions added later add to a curiously artificial impression.

The best part of the book is the end, where the author strikes a really inspiring note. Our culture, he says, can never be rebuilt on a basis of materialism, or by a crusade to raise the standard of living. A new faith can be built only on a spiritual basis. We need new cloisters, new schools of contemplation, and new universities, which will teach internationalism. The great crisis, of which this war was but one expression, is of spiritual origin. Unless a true balance is

restored, modern man will be cursed by fear, unrest, and the will to destroy for all his days. Without a spiritual change in the heart and mind of man there will be no peace and no stability in the world. 'Humanity feels an imperative need for a complete regeneration of the heart and mind.' 'Let us start out from the isolated bridgeheads of Europe, build up internationalism in various key regions of Europe and restore the shattered structure of the Continent bit by bit—this is the only realistic approach and programme. The architects of the new Europe can be found in Great Britain, France, Switzerland and Scandinavia.'

To the Catholic it is written large where all these remedies may be found.

MARGRIETA BEER.

PHILOSOPHICAL UNDERSTANDING AND RELIGIOUS TRUTH. By Erich Frank (Cumberlege, Oxford University Press; 10s. 6d.)

These six lectures, supplemented by copious and valuable notes, are addressed to the philosophical understanding rather than to religious sentiment, yet they do not appear hard-bitten enough for the marches between science and religion. They deal with an ancient feud, sometimes as though it were still conducted as at the beginning of the century.

Now religion may be offered to the scientist as a relief or escape, and may be so accepted, for like other men he does not always want to talk shop; or again, he may be shown, as in these lectures, and acceptably too, that religion is an attempt to wrestle with a reality beyond his professional technique that yet must be faced. Nevertheless, as in other relationships, a stable agreement means common ground, and this is not provided in these lectures: a German Protestant strain discountenances such an agreement in advance.

Is it because there are divisions rather than distinctions? Echoes of post-Reformation conflicts reverberate from the first lecture on the nature of man. On the one hand the mechanism of the physical world, and on the other the challenge to reason and nature from religion—and romance. The Copernican revolution paradoxically landed man in the prison of his consciousness: the theocentric habit of the medievals did at least enable them to look at the wriggling creature with a certain detachment and as a part of a going concern. This seeing of things in their proper place, essential to the virtue of humility, enters into the connected sense of humour and temperance of knowledge. Despite an exuberant treatment of external finality, the pathetic fallacy of projecting human feelings into the outside world is not a weakness of the medievals who wholeheartedly went Aristotelean. They did not explain natural events by anthropomorphic concepts of psychic forces, nor begin by giving an ethico-religious sense to the term *soul*. It is the religious philosopher of another tradition who is saddled with the difficulty of reconciling the claims of the Here and Beyond, or rather of deciding which to suppress.